A PASTOR'S DILEMMA.

sist Them When the Oppor-

tunity Arises-A Remin-

iscence of the Un-

derground Rall-

rond.

I WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

Those who have come to maturity since

ERNEST H. HEINRICHS.

WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

After the Fire.

Cooney: "let us be satisfied and be thankful, that we still have yet our dear old home." said Cooney: "let us be satisfied and be careful of what we have got. Be it ever so small and ever so poor, I believe that contented people can be just as happy in a nutshell as a king in his castle."

castle."
"I think you are right," said his wife, "and believe me, I will never again defy the demon of fire."

A SNAKE STEALS A BOAT.

Seven-Foot Serpent Makes it Lively for n Toledo Fisherman.

Captain A. B. Couldwell, who is summering

at Edgewater, had an interesting and unusual experience for this latitude with a snake at

turned, but just in time to see his prized boat moving slowly toward the center of the stream.

Without a second thought he rushed into the water, through the wild rice, and leaped into

Couldwell, "that would take in a 45-cent watermelon."

The other occupant of the boat, his young daughter, became frightened, and thought of all the wonderful pictures seen in show bills where exen are represented as being devoured by these enormous reptiles. Couldwell took to the oars: this gave the snake new courage and he was soon alongside and forced an anchorage. Couldwell's good nature vanished, and with the strength of a Kilrain he struck the snake upon the head, following up this advantage with well-aimed blows until he beheld his adversary slain before him. It measured 7½ feet and was of a swamp species; a dark, narrow streak down the back from head to tail, and yellow and red stripes around the body. This species is setdom seen in this climate. Mr. Couldwell unfortunately neglected to bring his

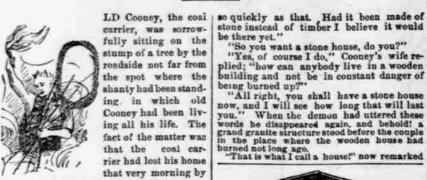
Couldwell unfortunately neglected to bring his game into camp, declaring that he was satis-fied to get away sately.

SMOKING BY PROXY.

Forbidden Wood.

Ira Tripp, a retired coal operator of Scranton

Toledo Commercial.1



fully sitting on the stump of a tree by the roadside not far from the spot where the shanty had been standing in which old Cooney had been living all his life. The fact of the matter was that the coal car-

very great. What can I do now?" he complained to himself, "I have not a place in the world

days, came along the road, and when she got to the spot where Cooney sat she cried: Well, Cooney, where is our house?"

looked up to the woman and replied: "A fire broke out in the place last night,

"Well, if you were fool enough to have

the house burned up around your ears, I wish the demon of fire would come and burn the woman; "come along. Cooney, and let us enjoy life in comfort for the future."
"I don't know," replied Cooney, "but I do not think that it makes much difference what kind of a house you have in as long as you are happy and contented with yourself. And as for fire, nobody can prevent it. Do your best to stop it, I say, and for the rest trust to luck; that is all I believe in."

But Cooney's wife did not listen to her husband; she thought she was smarter than all the rest, of the people.

last word of her awful passion when there



The Demon's Gift.

Was a noise in the sky so terrible that it resembled very much the roaring of an enraged lion or the rolling of approaching thunder. In the next moment a cloud right above the spot where Cooney and his stood opened up, and the vision of a fiery demon appeared hefore them. The two people almost sank to the ground with fear and trembling, and neither of them was able to utter a sign.

"Woman, what do you want?" a deep voice now came from the apparition. When Cooney's wife heard that the voice was quite human she lost some of her fear and replied:

"Here is my husband, who has been fool enough to let our house burn down, while he was in it, and the thonght of great loss made me so mad that I said I wished he

made me so mad that I said I wished he were burnt as well." But maybe he could not help it."

"Yes, I am sure I could," quickly re-torted the woman, "if I were in the house

with the same misfortune as your husband

that rolling, roaring noise was heard, but before the last echoes had died away in the distant hills, Cooney and his wife were astonished so that they could hardly believ their eyes, when in the place where the old shanty had stood they beheld a beautiful residence fitted with all the appurtenances and accommodations anyone might wish

the place as long as we live,"

Entering the wide oaken doors they both stepped into the hall, which was a masterpiece of elegant architecture. All the walls were empaneled with costly woodworks; the doors were covered with the finest carpets, and from the windows gorgeous curtains of the richest siks were hanging in heavy folds, and the furniture was all of the most magnificent wood and workmanship. The coal carrier and his wife stared at all this splender in utter bewilderment, and as they walked all through the house, from room to room, their astonishment increased. At last they came into the kitchen. A jolly burning here in the stove, and a

piece of beef was waiting to be roasted. it as quick as I can and we will presently

roast on the stove, but she unfortunately came too close to the fire and before she knew what she was about her dress was all in flames. Instead of getting her husband to fetch some water and have it put out, she ran wildly around and shricked so loud that the eiling threatened to come down. From the kitchen she ran ito the parlor, and here the beautiful carpet and curtains caught the flames, until the whole house was a mass of flames. Cooney had just time enough to catch hold of her and carry her outside, or the woman would have burned up. When he got her into the air he succeeded in getting her to a well and, dumping her right into the water, the fire of her clothes was put out. But when he pulled her out, and both looked around, the house was already

Masher of the Metropolis.

The Possibilities of a Charming Young

A PICTURE FROM THE ROGUES' GALLERY

be there yet."
"So you want a stone house, do you?"
"Yes, of course I do," Cooney's wife replied; "how can anybody live in a wooden building and not be in constant danger of NEW YORK, July 27 .- The streets of New York yield amusement always, even in midbuilding and not be in constant danger of being burned up?"

"All right, you shall have a stone house now, and I will see how long that will last you." When the demon had uttered these words be disappeared again, and behold a grand granite structure stood before the couple in the place where the wooden house had burned not long ago.

"That is what I call a house!" now remarked flirt anyhow on the street; and I do wonder sometimes how a man can stand the humili-

> had a time with one of them yesterday.
>
> Maud and I came out of a confectioner's and stood on the corner of Twenty-fourth street and quarreled about whether we should go to the matinee at Casino or at the Madison Square. Maud is swfully gone on Barrymore, and she wanted to see "The Burglar." Now, if there is anything I hate it is going to see an actor I adore with another girl who adores him. For that matter, when it comes to Barrymore, I'd just rather go and contemplate him all alone. I mean I'd rather go all alone and contemplate him. Just from a quiet back row, and with nobody along but some candy. I think there is nothing that seems to go so beautifully with Barrymore as a sort of solitude and cream drops. I didn't want that sort of sacred feeling I have about him interfered with, and I said if we didn't go to the

ground.

For the third time the demon appeared and looking at Cooney's wife, standing utterly aghast and crestfallen beside her husband, he PERFECTLY UNCONSCIOUS.

the "lawless and disobedient," who arrayed themselves against the Government of the United States by helping slaves toward Canada.

Time, however, proved that the preacher's practice was better than his preaching. On a certain occasion at his fireside a warm discussion was going on concerning this fugitive slave law. The question was directly but to the venerable minister: "What would you do if a party of fugitive slaves would to-night come to your door, asking food and shelter?"

For a moment he seemed nonplused, and then made a confession. Said he, "A few Sabbaths ago I was on my way to a preaching appointment some ten miles from here. In a quiet, woody place, I met a family of colored people who had a scared look and seemed tired, and I at once knew they were fugitives. There were a father and mother with a number of children of various ages, from the little toddier of 5 years who could, with difficulty make his way, up to the nearly grown manden.

The father asked me if I could direct him to a certain man's house, and I was at once confirmed in the belief that they were fugitive slaves, for the person inquired for was the noted abolitionist of that section, and had spent a small fortune in fines for harboring fugitives. You may judge of my quandary. On my way to preach a göspel which enjoined me to "Remember those that were in bonds as bound with them," what could I do but show them the shortest way to Mr. —'s house? A mile or two further on I met their pursuers, who eagerly inquired if I had seen a company of colored people on the road. I had plenty of time to reach my preaching appointment, so I delayed the gentlemen as long as I could without exciting their sweplcions, and finally gave them such directions as would lead them a few miles off from the underground railroad station, It would not be true to say I told the slave hunters the exact truth, and I was not conscious of any qualms of conscience over the deception." The conclusion to which one of the company present came, was that men's hearts are oft around always think you aren't used to being stared at, and it gives them a kind of GOT A LITTLE SCARED.

Well, when we got to the Casino I stopped the car, and went just straight ahead. I had a moment of awful anxiety, wondering whether he would get off, too. Of course I whether he would get off, too. Of course I couldn't look around, not even by turning to hold my skirt up, because such a thing is perfectly palpable. I just joined the line at the box office, and made up my mind that I had lost him. But, when I turned around with the tickets, there he was right face to face. I looked right at him as if I had never seen him before, and as if I didn't even know I was looking; and sort of let my eyes know I was looking; and sort of let my eyes drift contemplatively through his head, as if my mind was full of thinking about something else. Well, Mand didn't come, and, if you will believe it, that man stood up the whole performance by a post, expecting every moment I would see him or something. I never did, though. I just kept my attention near enough to him to keep him from going and yet not to encourage him. I felt rather scared when I came to go out, because I was afraid he might speak, which, of conrse, would have been awful; but he didn't, though he stood so I had to go by right close to him. He rode as far up town as Forty-second street, and then he swung off. I wanted to turn around and just give him one look of indignation, so as to show him my opinion of a man who followed a person around so; but I didn't dare, for fear he would stop the car and get on again.

These impartingst were are cared to interest the stood of the stood of the car and get on again.

A BASEBALL CRANK'S INVENTION.

Machine That Will Make the Services

a Pitcher Unnecessary.

Out at East Point there is a baseball cranl

who is working on a patent ball tosser or pitches with which he expects to revolutionize the na

tional game. His name is Quellman, and he is an ex-pr

fessional ball player.
"Baseball is the greatest game on earth," be

TO EUROPE BY RAIL.

Road Projected Through Alaska From Spe

kane Falls.

"It is highly probable that a railway from Spokane Falls to Alaska will be constructed within the next few years," said Mr. H. A. Johnston, of New York, to a St. Louis Globe

Johnston, of New York, to a St. Louis Globe.

Democrat reporter. "I am on my way home
from a business trip to Washington Territory,
and while out there my attention was called to
this project, and I spent considerable time
looking into it. The movement is in its infancy, but it has the backing of the wealthy
men of the Northwest and of the people of
British Columbia. and I believe the road will
be built.

MARRIED TO TRUTH.

A witness who had given his evidence in such

A witness who had given his evidence in such as manner as to convince every one in court of his perjury, said, at last, on being cautioned by the Judge: "My lord, you may believe me or not, but I have not stated a word that is false, for I have been wedded to truth from my in-

Atlanta Journal.]

ressional ball player.

"Baseball is the greatest game on earth," he says, "but there is one great objection to it, and that is the power of the umpire. His calling of balls and strikes allows him to give the game to cither nine when the teams are well matched. Now, my patent will do away with this objectionable feature. It is a propelling machine which will allow the man who stands in the box to throw every ball over the plate. He can elevate or lower it so as to throw a ball anywhere between the knee and the waist. The velocity of the ball can be regulated, and the team with the best catcher can throw the swiftest ball. Only three balls will be thrown over the plate, and the batter must strike or run. Of course there will be more balls batted, but this will require more skillful playing in the field. The game will not then go to the nine whose pitcher can the most befuddle the umpire. My ball tosser will create a sensation in baseball circles, and I expect to make big money out of it." again.

These impertinent men are equal to just doing anything. I couldn't help thinking though, how stupid he was to waste his whole afternoon like that with no encouragement at all. He might have seen from the first that I wasn't the sort of girl to allow anything like street attention. It's so common and vulgar.

A DECEITFUL STUDY. Most of us latter-day people believe ourselves more or less capable of divining character from the facial features, and I thought
my ability to do so was unfailing until an
occurrence of recent date proved that I was
as blind as a stone wall. For more than a
year I have observed, in my movementa
about New York, a girl whose face suggested a great many sweet and innocent
possibilities to me. I have met her driving,
in theaters and in cafes, and always I found
a charm in her fair young face and her a charm in her fair young face and her manner of gentle repose. As she has al-ways been in the company of a sedate-look-ing man of 40, and as she was about 20, I was not able to determine whether she was the wife or the daughter of her companion. I had often pointed out the girl to my friends when I chanced upon her in a pub-lic resort, and I secured for her more honest

for the pretty and innocent faces that I meet in the routine of daily life. CLARA BELLE.

TAKE ONE WITH ME.

Draughts That

Those who have come to maturity since the War can bave little conception of the intensity with which political questions were discussed during the decade from 1800 to 1800. At no other period in our nation's history did the conscience element enter so largely into affairs of State.

The compromise measures of 1850 "framed iniquity into a law" by placing every citizen who shelt red a slave on his way to freedom in the attitude of a criminal. More than this, that law made it the duty of every citizen to assist in the resous of a fuglitive slave when called on by the United States official. Prior to this enactment the agitation of the slavery question was confined to a few, who were looked upon by the public generally as fanatics and impracticables; men who were too narrow in their views for the downright work of life. The fuglitive slave law brought the question of slavery to every fireside in the free States. This law became at once a subject of discussion in every debating club, and the effort of the compromisers to quiet the discussion proved the very means of bringing the great national issue to every reflecting man's conscience.

An incident of that period which is fresh in the writer's mind as the eventz of yesterday will serve to illustrate how political issues forced themselves on the conscience, and how men were forced to decide between the higher law and legislative enactment.

About midway of the fifties a minister of one of our neighboring counties presided over a parish which was near enough the Virginia line to be a refuge for large numbers of fugitive slaves. The parish covered a pretty large territory, and within its bounds were a number of underground railroad stations, agents of which being members of this minister's flock.

On all occasions the pastor enjoined obedience to law, and said many sharp words against the "lawless and disobedient," who arrayed themselves against the Government of the United States by helping slaves toward Canda.

Time, however, proved that the preacher's practice was NEW YORK, July 26.—"Yes," said the bartender, philosophically, as he piled six glasses containing cocktails, one above the self," he added proudly, "have gotten up two or three real beauties, expressly for this season's consumption. Like to try one? Here, Jake—a piece of ice and three thin

Here, Jake—a piece of ice and three thin glasses."

And with a graceful sweep of his right arm, Artist P. H. McInerny, the pet of the downtown merchants and members of the Produce Exchange, and the High Priest of the Order of Mixicologists in this city, reached for a row of bottles behind the bar. "Thia," he explained, as he mingled the ingredients deftly, "is a 'Will-o'-the-wisp,' a new drink, vintage of '89. It is quite simple, being plain lemonade with a dash of brandy and a puff of gin; then your ice chopped fine and the whole shaken—so. Peculiar flavor, hasn't it? Something that seems to escape you, so you can't tell exactly what it is like; yet you like it. Another prime favorite which I have introduced is a gin-and-seltzer punch, frappe. It is the best thing in the world for a hot day. Lots of men come in here and call for a 'marine cocktail,' an odd fancy of mine, composed of sherry, vermouth and orange bitters, with a spoonful of shaved ice.

SAM WARD'S RECIPE.

"Did you ever hear of Sam Ward's great summer drink? No? He used to come regularly every morning for it, and he gave the recipe himself. Here it is: Half a pony double kimmel; half a pony cream; ice, lemon and trimmings. Queer drink, isn't it? About this time of year I principally have calls for fizzes and frappes, and we make them in large quantities. They are the most popular drinks in sultry weather."

The really artistic drinking is not done at the hotels in New York. It is in the cafes that one finds the mixicologist at his best. While some of the hotel hartenders are unquestiousbly artists, the average demand does not call for a high grade of skill. Whisky straight, beer, wine and the inevitable cocktail predominate on the list, and these any beliboy is capable of serving. But in the cafes on Broadway and downtown, the trade in fancy drinks is tremendous, and a bartender must be both skillful and ready-witted to comply with all the demands that are made upon his inventive powers. It is in these places that "drink as a fine art" can be seen with all its infinite variations.

The perfect bartender hides nothing. SAM WARD'S RECIPE.

that plain whisky, or whisky and soda, have the lead over all other beverages.

The Germans, when they drink whisky, have a way of treating it that is somewhat novel. Into a glass they squeeze an orange and a lime, then comes a piece of ice and two fingers of whisky, the whole served in a "John Collins" glass. Their tavorite drink in summer, however, next to the omnipresent lager is Rhine wine, well iced.

Sporting men have a powereleture for

criminate mixture of about a dozen of the strongest spirits, liquors and cordials, is very seductive and has an almost immediate effect upon the unlucky imbiber. The "razzle-dazze" is another of the season's creations of the same sort and is made of sherry, Santa Cruz rum, eider, Tom gin, Curacao, and ice. After drinking it, the sportsman feels like buying the entire field and the jockeys to boot.

PROMISCUOUS DEINKERS.

There is, of course, a vast army of irregular drinkers who rush into any convenient place in hot weather, and take promiscuously whatever strikes their fancy, to allay thirst. These generally run to the lighter draughts to be had at the soda counter. Phosphates, wine of coca, Moxie, lime juice, almoud chocolate (a delightfully cooling drink), orgeat, lemon, peach, raspberry and almost every conceivable flavor are called for, egg lemonade and milk-shake, the latter simply milk iced and flavored with cheap syrups, are the drinks of the street and sidewalk, and are peddled by vendors on the crowded thoroughfares.

The Star Theater Cafe has been, for the past 26 years, the resort of the prominent PROMISCUOUS DEINKERS.

The Star Theater Cafe has been, for the past 26 years, the resort of the prominent actors. It is unpretentious, but decorated with play bills, American and English, dating as far back as 1807. Their latest fancy drinks for the Thespians who pass the fummer on the Rialto are the "Barn Stormer," consisting of the yolk of an egg, half a tablespoonful of sugar, half a pony of sherry, a little brandy, plenty of ice, and all considerably shaken up; and the "Walking Ghost," compounded of half a tablespoonful of sugar, half a pony of chartreuse, a few squirts of lemon juice, half a pony of Jamaica rum, plain soda, trimmed with fruits, and iced.

An authority of summer drinks of the most fragrant and highly decorated pattern is "Count" Wilhelm Schmidt, who is known all over town as chief mixicologies at a noted bar near the bridge entrance. The "count" the long name has a disciple in Angusta who dispenses the milk of human kindness to animals in a way and manner that must afford delight to the spirit of the late Mr. Bergh, if it ever visits these mortal shores. He has placed in his pig pan a number of sheets of sticky fly paper to divert the attention of the winged miscreants from the unprotected backs of their hogships.

and his desections are calculated to bring out the most delightful sensations of which the cultured palate is capable. His chef d'œuvre is a curriculum of artistic drinks for the 24 hours. He starts the well-regulated society man with what he terms the "Foundation." Into a small glass he drops one fresh egg, the juice of half a lemon, a teaspoonful of sugar, some shaved ice, a dash of calisaya, a teaspoonful of old Tom gin, a dash of orange bitters, and the same of absinthe and vermouth. Shake two minutes, strain into a high glass and fill the balance with carbonic water and serve. The second item in the curriculum is called the "Life Prolonger," but it is omitted in summer. The third is "Pansy Blossom," and is made as follows: A glass with fine ice, two dashes of gum, one-eighth of Russian kimmal, same of absinthe, vino vermouth and maraschino, the white of an egg; shake all to the coldest point, strain into a fancy glass and serve. The fourth and last on the list is a "Southern Punch." He takes a thin glass with the juice of a third of a lemou, one spoonful of sugar, a quarter glass of ice, one-third of St. Julieu, one-eighth of Jamaica rum, a mere dash of brandy, the whole ornamented with fruit in season and with a little ice cream on top, and served with a straw.

SOMETHING FOR THE LADIES.

SOMETHING FOR THE LADIES.

For the ladies the "Count" has a special tipple, as fellows: A large wine glass with a spoonful of fine sugar, a squirt of seltzer, one-quarter of sherry and some port wine, a very light dash of brandy; fill the glass with shaved ice, ornament with orange and pineapple, and top off with ice cream; serve with a spoon, After partaking of this delightful drink, thirst vanishes and the whole body grows pleasantly cool. It is a good appetizer also. Served with the extreme politeness which characterizes the "Count," it is pronounced by the ladies the most fascinating of midsummer refreshments. Many of the ladies, too, are connoisseurs in the matter. On sultry summer days the swarm to Malliard's, next door to the Fitth Avenue Hotel, and give their orders for fancy drinks with the assurance of entire familiarity with the subject. Soda plain and soda garnished with ice cream, or colored with ruby cordial and topped with berries, soda with absimthe, vermouth, or other liqueurs, chilled with ice and sipped through straws; soda in every form and flavor, from vanilla to pineapple—these are the favorities of the set. It is no uncommon thing to see a nevy of beauty, in a sea of silk and furbelows, blocking the way to the soda fountain when the mercury goes beyond the eighties. The chatter proceeds while the drinking goes on, being only momentarily interrupted as the imitation foliage on hats and bonnets drogs when the lips touch the glasses in unison. Almost all the summer drinking in public by women and girts is confined to innocent beverages of the character described.

George Murray, another skilled artist, is famed for his delicate summer flips and palate tickiers. His sherry flip is daily consumed by hundreds of business men at this season. He takes half a glass of pale sherry, the same of champagne cider, a spoonful of sugar, and some fine ice, all shaken and strained. He makes a "whisky julep" as follows: Two fingers of old rye or Bourbon, sugar mint, half a glass of fine shaved ice, decorate

SOMETHING FOR THE LADIES.

brandy.

Western men, when they come to town, have their own favorite bartenders to whom they go for their mixed drinks. In the summer there is a great variety. One of the latest is a "Creole cocktail," which is composed of curacao, vanilla, a dash of whisky, and vermouth and fine ice. They are more partial to flery cocktails than Northerners, and seem to like them best in hot weather.

action D. Vector tolic accounts of the state of the state

ways speaking about you, but I never hear them mention your name now."
"No, I don't suppose you do."
"But you used to be one of the most pop-ular as well as one of the folliest fellows among

"I know it. When I used to go around with

the boys and spend my money with them and neglect my wife and children, I was a splendld fellow, but since I began to respect myself and give my wife and children the attention and cive my wire and children the attention and comforts to which they are entitled, and which should never have been withdrawn from them. I have lost my popularity among the boys, and am now regarded as one of those 'mean cusses.' But I guess I can stand it."
"I guess you can," said Jones; "I never saw you looking better in my life."

relating to practical ethics which vitally concern their congregations and the entire community.

One of these ignored issues is this of attending the theater. It would be safe to say that haif of the younger people in every congregation in this city are theater-goers. Many of these have been trained to believe this habit pernicious. They go against their conscience. Meantime, throughout the community there is a marked revival of dramatic interest. Actors and actresses are no longer tabooed in the old fashion. Tragedians like Booth and Irving are received and nonored everywhere.

Now, what is to be done in this matter? Is the dramatic revival wrong? Are those church-goers, who are also theater-goers, inconsistent Christians, worthy of discipline? Surely, the clergy night not to be dumb dogs, afraid to "speak" in answer to such inquiries. If the harm lies in the wrong time or the wrong degree or the wrong place, are not the accepted teachers of morals under obligation to declare this? Guizot used to say that "the test of civilization is the ability to discriminate." Who shall civilize the community up to this point if the clergy refuse to do so? When men and women act against their conscience (even agafinst a mistaken conscience) the result is demoralizing. If the old prejudice against the drama was a mere prejudice; if the wrong in this regard is one of indiscrimination and not a wrong per se; should not the clergy say so plainly, and thus remove the ban under which consciences are hurt on the one hand and a whole profession is morally outlawed on the other hand?

What has been said of the drama applies equally to descrime and WANTED TO BRIBE HER. An Incorrigible Pupil Offers Money to His Teacher to Stop Talking. Boston Courier.1

When a teacher was endeavoring to impres when a teacher was endeavoring to impress upon a class of newsboys the beauty of righteousness, and to give them some sort of a leaning toward the paths of decency, sobriety and godliness, an impudent, saucy-faced youngster, known among his companions as "Bully Sam," leaned forward, and holding cut to her a battered nickel, which had the general appearance of having been run over by a horsecar, observed:

ar, observed:
"I say now, I'll give you that to stop."
It may be judged how much effect the less and after that. A CURE FOR CRAMPS.

A Simple and Always Available Remedy for the Disease. New York Evening World,1

A physician, in conversation with a reporter, made this statement: "When I have a patient who is subject to cramp I alwaps advise him to provide himself with a strong cord. A long garter will do if nothing else is handy. When garter will do if nothing else is handy. When the cramp comes on take the cord, wind it around the leg over the place that is cramped, and take an end in each hand and give it asharp pull, one that will hurt a little. Instantly the cramp will cease, and the sufferer can go to bed assured it will not come on again that night. This is an effective remedy, he assured the reporter, "and if carried out by afflicted per-sons many a dollar would be saved in phy-sicians' fees."

Wise Hends on Young Should

Enterprise (Kan.) Independent.; One of our Sunday school teachers on a recent

SUNDAY THOUGHTS

THE FIRESIDE SPHINX MORALS MANNERS A Collection of Enigmatical Nuts for Home Cracking.

Address communications for this department to E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewiston, Maine.

674.-A SHREWD VERDICT. Io was dead as any door nail.

Like poor Scrooge of old in Dickens' tale.

The cause of his death was very obscure.

But the coroner said he was sartin sure

To find it out if he set long enough.

Which he meant to do. It was rather rough

On the good men and true to be kept so long.

But they sought with a will to find out the

wrong:

wrong:
Yet their progress was such that I doubt but
by chance
They had made to this day one inch of advances.

Next door to their place was a druggist's shop,
And a lad, less intent on errand than top,
Put his head, by mistake, in the coroner's

And called for a drug all had heard of before.
"Why, bless me! ye don't say! Did he die of that?" Cried the quick-witted one whom the others called Pat.
"Of what ?" cried his mates. "Do tell if you

and let us go home, for we're tired out, man?"
"Why, didn't you hear the gossoon, what he said?
One would think ye had niver an ear to yer head!
It agrees with the ividence, sound sinse and raison;

675.—ANAGRAM. Escaping from "A TBUANT'S PER,"
A boy went off a-boating;
He was drowned, his body found,
"Upon the surface floating."
NELSONIAN.

676 .- THE PUZZLE OF THE GROCER'S BOY.

677.-CHARADE.

FLORENCE. 678,-NUMERICAL. The dark 2, 10, 11, 12 barbors a voice of plain tive tone.
9, 2, 6 is this unseen spirit who makes request
for one unknown?

Of all the voices of the night, which irritate, or sooth, or thrill, None has so eerie a refrain as sends the all from yonder hill. BITTER SWEET.

1 A letter. 2 A trick. 3 Ghosts, 4 A dig-nity or degree of honor next below a baron. 5 An instrument for exhibiting the transverse vibration of cords. 6 Gave (obs). 7 A kind of vessel. 8 To spread or turn as new-mown grass. 9 A letter. OLIVER TWIST.

680.—BEFORE YOUR EYES.

I am composed of many parts.
These parts have many a form;
They are oft in different colors seen,
When hotels or stores they adorn.

ANSWERS. 667.—Spear, pears, ear, reaps, pea, sear, eras, res, ape, spar, sea.
668.—Forgetting insolate. (For getting in so

Orgettin.

—Clout, lout, out.

GARCASS

BEARATS

PREMIER

PAINTEEN

NEEDFUL

DESTRO

"lass" to "glass."

Cheated.

Sick Headache

S a complaint from which many suffer

"I was troubled for years with indi-gestion, constipation, and headache. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills, used in small daily doses, restored me to health. They are prompt and effective."—W. H. Strout, Meadville, Pa.

Ayer's Pills,

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

rier had lost his home that very morning by a fire, and his trouble was in consequence

to sleep in, and when my wife comes home she will scold me so much that I shall never hear the last of it." While he was yet talking to himself and almost crying at his misfortune his wife, who had been away from home for several

For a moment or two the old man did not know what to say, but at last he manfully

and the whole place burned down to the ground. I only succeeded to save my-

you up, too." Thus said the woman in her wrathful temper, but she never expected that her words would have any serious consequences. However, she had no more than uttered the



plied the vision of fire, "do you think that you could stop the flames if they attacked

"All right, my dear woman," said the voice from the cloud. "I am the demon of fire, and since you are so very smart I will give you the opportunity. I will give you another house, and one that is finer and stronger than the one you had before. But mind you be careful, or you might meet

Wigton's Point the other day. He was fishing in the creek, and had occasion to go ashore, Then the demon disappeared, and agair and, after tying his small string of perch to the stern of the boat, the Nellie C, he pu'led her upon the beach. Half an hour later he re-

water, through the wild rice, and leaped into the boat. The mystery which had shrouded the affair was dissolved when he discovered that a monstrous snake had swallowed one of the perch, and had towed the boat out. Could-well got a little excited. He seized an unwieldy punt pole, and, with a well directed aim, struck the snake across the back, which had the effect of breaking the stringer but enraged the snake. "It whirled and started for the oc-cupants of the boat with an open mouth," said Couldwell, "that would take in a 45-cent water-meion." "Well, if that is the new house the demon of fire wants us to have, let us get in, Cooney," said the wife, "now you see whether I will not be able to take care of

"The sight of that meat makes me hungry," said Cooney's wife; "now let me cook

enjoy a nice dinner." She immediately set to work and put the How a Philadelphia Gentleman Enjoys the Philadelphia Press, 1 Ira Tripp, a retired coal operator of Scranton, is one of the few men on record who enjoys the luxury of smoking by proxy. Twenty years ago his physician told him that smoking was prejudicial to his health, and that he must stop the practice. Aithough he was a confirmed smoker, he obeyed the doctor's injunction. Since then he has never smoked a cigar. At the same time he has not retailly denied himself. same time he has not totally denied himself his chief luxury. To indulge it without disobey-

his chief luxury. To indulge it without disobeying the doctor's injunction he employs what
might be called his "smoking valet."
It is the duty of this man to smoke a Havana
cigar whenever Mr. Tripp feels like indulging
in a little tobacco dissipation, and blow the
smoke in his employer's face. The latter eagerly inhales the fragrant cloud and then exhales
it through his nostrils and blows it down
through the meshes of his long, white beard.
Mr. Tripp declares that he enjoys this secondhanded smoke as keenly as when he did the
puffing himself. He often comes to Philadelphia, and never travels without his smoking
companion.

CLARA BELLE'S CHAT.

Some Facts About the Persevering

ONE DAY'S FRUITLESS PURSUIT.

Creature Upset By

summer. I'm not a flirt, and I wouldn't ation of making a goose of himself right in broad daylight, and on Broadway, too, try-ing to attract the attention of a girl who never gives him the least encouragement. They usually look like nice enough fellows,

and not at all the old style of masher. I

Mand said she'd have to go bome to ask her mother, and we fixed it up that meanwhile I would go to the Casino and get the tickets. I made her hand me \$2. I had plenty of money, but of course her mother might not let her come back, and you know how it is with girls in a business matter. Mand crossed over to Fourth avenue for the cars, and I waited for a Broadway car.

Of course Mand and I had been talking a good deal, and probably making gestures

Of course Maud and I had been talking a good deal, and probably making gestures with our parasols more or less; and I felt it keenly when I found a man standing on the corner of Twenty-fourth street just staring and staring. He was like all of them, rather short, in a darkish gray suit very slick looking, a white vest dotted around with blue ailk spots, a blue necktie, a straw hat with a blue band around and a cane with a big silver handle. He had the regular big eyes and drooping dark mustache and purplish look around his chin that so many New York men have. I think they want to look like Kelcey. He's lovely and purple all around where he shaves.

PERFECTLY UNCONSCIOUS. band: she thought she was smarter than all the rest of the people.

"You come along and I will show you how we shall got on now. Fire can't do any harm to stone, and I don't think we will have any more confingrations."

"I don't know," said Cooney, quietly, "it seems to me you are nowhere safe from the demon of fire."

And he was right.

No sooner had he and his wife reached the first step of the front entrance when a stroke of lightning descended upon the house, and in a second the whole massive structure which a moment ago seemed to be strong enough to withstand an earthquake, had crumbled to pieces, and not a whole stone was left upon the ground.

For the third time the demon appeared and

Well, not to get off on Kelcey, I just looked in a very direct way over this man's shoulder, as if he wasn't there at all. I think that's the best way to do, for you can see them perfectly well, and yet they can't think you are noticing them. Of course, when you come so near to noticing them they always think you will the next minute, but I don't think any right-minded person could regard looking over a man's shoulder as if he wasn't there as encouraging him.

I got on the car just as dignified. He swung on the other end of the car, and all the way up to the Casino he pulled his mustache and looked at me. I couldn't help wishing I had sat on the other side of the car, because I know my profile looks much better on the flare side of my hat; but one can't tkink of everything. I screwed my under lip together a little and wore my eyebrows pulled down at the outer ends, and just lifted the least bit in the world at the inner ends. It gives a sort of bored and at the same time unconscious look. I think it Well, not to get off on Kelcey, I just is awful bad taste for a girl to look as if she It is so apt to make the man speak, or do something dreadful, and then the women

contempt for you.

consumed by the raging fire, and nothing but the ruins were let.

What with her fright and the burns which Cooney's wife had austained, the woman began to bewail her misfortune in a most pittiful manner. The husband did all he could to console her, but she was too downhearted. At last, however, her nature got again the better of her.

"What is the use of such a stupid wooden house anyhow?" she said; "if the demon meant to do us some good, I wish he had given us a stone house that wouldn't have burned down so quickly."

No somer had she said zo, however, when that rearing noise in the clouds came on again, which had once before heralded the arrival of the demon of fire.

"H' mi!" he said to the woman, with the most sareastic smile on his fery face, "you didn't look after the house as well as you said you would, although you were in it yourself, and it is just a wonder that you did not lose your life too. Had it not been for your kind husband you would certainly not be alive nose."

"That is all very well to talk that way." "the woman replied," but who would have burned up British Columbia, and I believe the road will be built.

"The idea looks strange and impracticable at the first glance, but as a matter of fact the obstacles to be encountered in the construction of such a line would not be as great as were met with by the Central Pacific and the Northern Pacific. It is proposed to begin the railroad at Spokane Falls, making that city the southern and eastern terminus. Competent engineers place the total cost at \$130,000,000. Mr. Walter Moberly, engineer for the Government of British Columbia, has examined the proposed route, and believes that the road could be built for less money per mile than the Canadian Pacific, which he helped to carry through, and would prove very profitable."

How the Mixicologists Tickle Their He Prenches Against Aiding Slaves to Es-Patrons' Palates. cape, but Feels Constrained to As-

GOTHAM'S FASCINATING DRINKS. The Delectable Cobblers and Seductive

COME LIKE A BREEZE FROM THE ARCTIC CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

other in an artistic but somewhat shaky pyramid, "we are continually making progress in the discovery of new and ascinating palate-ticklers. Indeed there is no limit to the variety a clever man can invent, if he has a knack that way. I once knew a fellow who used to make it a study. He would even dream out new drinks, just as that musician fellow Tartini, dreamed out the 'Devil's Sonata,' they say; I my-

At the New York Hotel, Bartender Joe Murphy serves his patrons this season with a "Royal Mint," made like a small mint julep, strained and fizzed with carbonic water. Tom Lynch, another well-known artist, says a plain fizz, composed of buttermilk, lime julce and soda, has the call this summer. Patrick Murphy, who mixes drinks for half the Stock Exchange, points to the "Boston Cooler" as his own crowning triumph. It is half ginger ale, half sarsaparilla. At the St. James Hotel, Billy Ottman has made quite a hit with the "Remsen Cooler," which is composed of Tom gin, soda, a piece of lemon peel, carbonized water and shaved ice. At the Gilsey and Fifth Avenue Hotels, Bartenders Butler and Grey are accounted very skillful compounders; yet they declare that fancy drinks are in little demand among their patrons, and that plain whisky, or whisky and soda, have the lead over all other beverages.

ent lager is Rhine wine, well iced.

Sporting men have a nomenclature for their tipples that is sometimes unique. At the Brower House, a great sporting rendezvous, they call for a "horse," which is virtually an old-fashioned cocktail, with crushed augar. A "tip" is whisky and milk, and a "Poughkeepsie" is a trick drink, intended to prevent the drinker from going to the races that afternoon. It is an indiscriminate mixture of about a dozen of the strongest spirits, liquors and cordials, is

jockeys to boot.

BY A CLERGYMAN. I WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE. ]

ONE of the most marked and one of the most hopeful signs of the times is the drawing to-gether of the different denominations of Chris-tians. And this without any less of denomina-

tians. And this without any less of denominational power or interest. The young men and
women who are banded together in the Christian associations and societies of Christian Endeaver which cobweb the continent, like their
elders who are connected with bodies like the
Evangelical Alliance, are devoted Methodists,
Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists,
Lutherans, Episcopalians—as much attached
as ever they were. Yet now they have been
broadened. They have become cosmopolitan.
Christian is recognized as being more than any,
than all, other designations. And Christians
are recognized in foids outside our own special
one. This is an enormous gain.

In England most of the land is held by great
proprietors: and yet there are not lacking what

We'll rinder the verdict, and get home in

In Eugland most of the land is held by great proprietors; and yet there are not lacking what are called common plats of ground which are open to all. So the soil of Curistianity is parceled out among the great denominational proprietors; but a common-ground is not lacking whereupon we may all set our feet and clasp hands in brotherhood and sisterhood.

Denominationalism is all right, provided it be kept within the limits of charity. A generous realry does no harm—the rivalry of faith and good works. Moreover, each denomination sets forth in a distinctive way some feature of the spherical truth. No one has it all, but each typifies some more or less essential phrase of it. And it is only by correlating and dove-tailing these representative denominations that we get the round truth—the whole truth. Truth is a wheel, of which the respective denominations are the spokes. One spoke does not make a wheel, it takes all. The various spokes are apt to forget their mutual dependence, and to set up as being each one the entire wheel. Let us be thankful for any tendency the other way. The Force of Heredity.

In the International Sunday School lesson for to-day we hear the Israelites clamoring for a King. Samuel, one of the most upright of men, is rejected as a judge, and the faults of his children are flung in his face: "Thy sons walk not in thy ways." Here, as some one has said, is both a compliment and a stab—the magistrate is praised at the expense of the father,

As genius is not hereditary, so neither is piety. Some of the best of fathers have had some of the worst of sons; as witness Eli and Samuel and David, not to go outside of Biblical history.

Probably these good men were too much occupied with the administration of public affairs to give what time and attention were needful to the training their children. But can this be justified? Has any one a right to neglect his own in order to attend to another's—to overlook a near for a more remote duty?

Of course, there are exceptions. But as a rule, boys and girls turn out as might be expected. Training and environments are halfoming form before reaching the age of 10 years—all that comes after is confirmatory! What an inducement is here to early taithfulness in the house and in the school.

It is more than probable that the expense of his family countercated the waywardness of some of the worst of sons; as witness Ell and Samuel and David, not to go outside of Biblical history.

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Of course, there are exceptions. But as a rule, boys and girls turn out as might be expected. Training and euvironments are halfomipotent. It is probable that the child takes lasting form before reaching the age of 10 years—all that comes after is confirmatory! What an inducement is here to early faithfulness in the house and in the school.

It is more than probable that the waywardness of his family counteracted the godly efforts of Samuel, and precipitated the change from theocracy to monarchy. Thus the bad sons of good fathers pull down what their parents would build up. They illustrate the parents would build up. They illustrate the parental precepts and example, as the Hebrew is read—backward.

Said mother to Benny, "If now you will take To poor Uncle Peter this fine johnny-cake, This bit of fresh meat, these potatoes and And-what he's so fond of-this dish of nice Many first he will give you, and vou will know
The pleasure of second as homeward you go.
When the whole comes again, may it flud you,
my boy,
At the pleasant home-gathering, with heart
full of joy."

"1, 2, 3, 5," the sad one says, "4, 7, 6, 8 (in purse or friends)
"1, 10, 11, 12," and then a sobbing mean the pleading ends.

All the laws of our great nation, Every book, both great and sms Even the Presidental message— I constitute them all.

The sermon and the prayer, The Constitution of our land, In each I claim a share.

In earliest youth I was given to you.
You were taught that I was wise;
I may seldom in your sight appear,
Though I'm now before your eyes. FRANK

O. ye insatlate, cankering cares, Stay, stay your blighting course! Ye eat away the human heart,

through carelessness or cowardice, they habit-ually "remember to forget" certain questrons relating to practical ethics which vitally con-cern their congregations and the entire com-munity

what has been said of the drama applies equally to dancing and card playing. This en-tire question of recreation needs the attention of the pulpit.

Thoughts for the Sabbath.

THE first discourse ever preached had a lie for its text, and made converts of half its hearers.—Joseph Cook.

FLATTERY, like false money, impoverished

Who does his best
And leaves the rest—
Then do not worry.
—Dr. C. F. Deems.

I CAN understand people's losing by trusting too little to God, but I cannot understand any one's lesing by trusting Him too much.—
Charles Kingsley.

The run a few steps will not get a man heated

but walking an hour may; so, shough a sudden occasional thought of heaven will not raise our affections to any spiritual heat, yet meditation can continue our thought and lengthen our walk till our hearts grow warmer.—Bazier.

On, blessed Civitas Del! The ransomed shall

see it with greater joy than filled the way-worn, war-worn crusaders when at last they looked on the city which had drawn them from afar, and shouted: Jerusalem! Jerusalem!— Donald Fraser.

SURELY as waters meet and rest in low val-

THE world is wide

And God is guide So do not hurry. That man is blest Who does his best

Youths' Companion.]
The shoemaker hung out a new sign, and then wondered what passers-by found so amus-ing. His sign ran as follows: "Don't go else-where to be cheated. Walk in here."

and few are entirely free. Its cause is indigestion and a sluggish liver, the cure for which is readily found in the use of Ayer's Pills.

use of Ayer's Pills.

"I have found that for sick headachs, caused by a disordered condition of the stomach, Ayer's Pills are the most reliable remedy."—Samuel C. Bradburn, Worthington, Mass.

"After the use of Ayer's Pills for many years, in my practice and family, I am justified in saying that they are an excellent cathartic and liver medicine—sustaining all the claims made for them."

—W. A. Westfall, M. D., V. P. Austin & N. W. Bailway Co., Burnet, Texas.

"Aver's Pills are the best medicine

& N. W. Railway Co., Burnet, Texas.

"Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered stomach and liver. I suffered for over three years from headache, indigestion, and constipation. I had no appetite and was weak and nervous most of the time. By using three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and at the same time dieting myself, I was completely cured."

— Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kansas.

"I was troubled for years with indi-

SURELY as waters meet and rest in low valleys, so do God's graces in lowly hearts.—Trapp.

Some talk by the pound and live by the ounce; they have heaven at their tongue's end and the world at their fingers' end.—Selected.

SINCE there are about 5,000,000 Christians committed to Christian laziness, it is well that there should be 500,000 committed to Christian Endeavor.

We may not have mounted into wealth, but we can descend into secrifice. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medi-